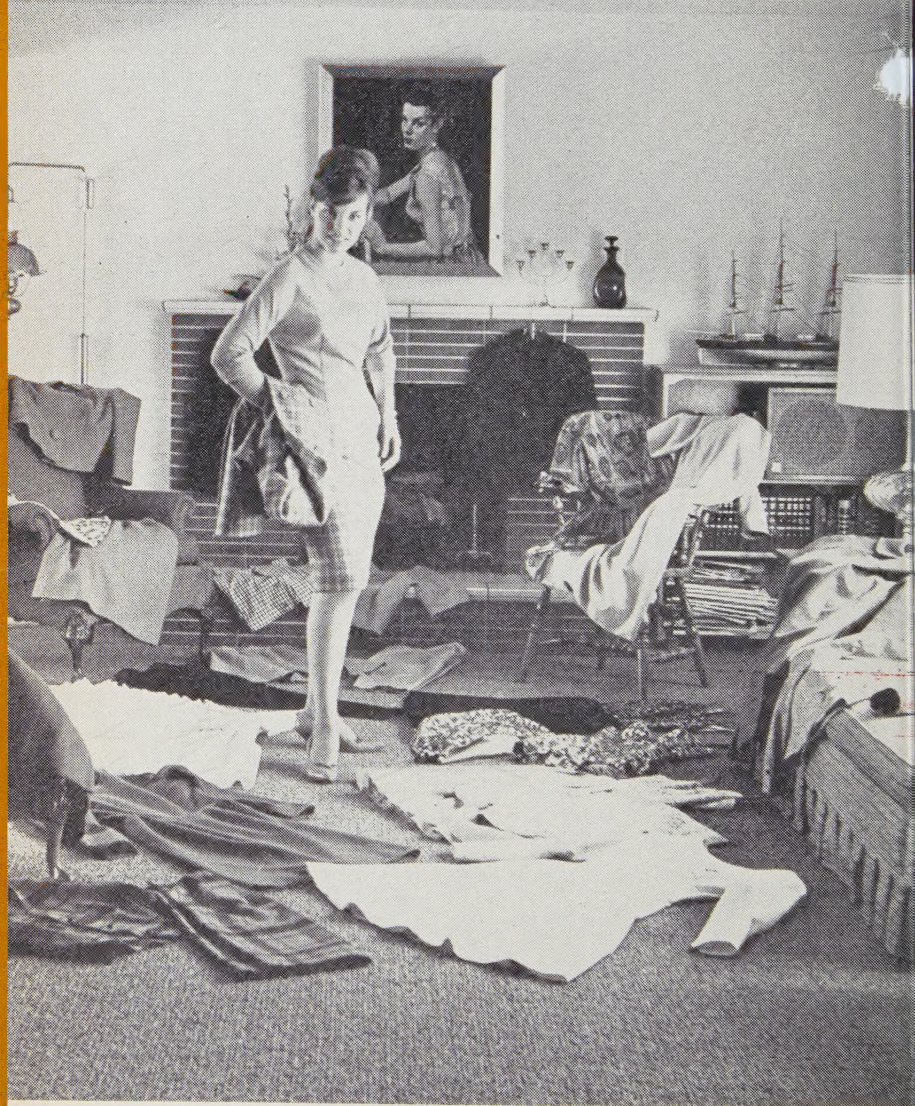


Youth
FEBRUARY 17, 1963

Tina sews up a dream . . .
Gunners, Dunks, and Globies
Are we faithful or phony?

I daydreamed about winning, but this



ke that don't happen to me . . .

SHE SEWED UP A DREAM!

Martiena Stahlke, a vivacious honey blond from Salt Lake City, Utah, recently captured top honors in the Teen division of the national Singer Sewing Machine contest. Tina, as she is nicknamed by her friends, has been sewing since she was ten years old, and now makes everything from ski outfits for her two brothers, to clothes for her mother and a whole wardrobe for herself. Her attractively designed tweed suit and matching chiffon blouse won for her a \$600 bonus in prize money, a lot of publicity, and a trip to Paris in June. Her reaction? "It's like being touched by Cinderella's fairy godmother's wand."

Tina is a junior in high school and a member of the Drill Team, modern dance group, and ski club. She also works for the school yearbook and literary magazine. In spite of her many activities and hobbies, Tina also does part-time modeling for a large department store. She is a member of the Holiday Community Church and is active in their PF group.

Now that Tina has returned from the excitement of New York City and winning the contest, she has found time to give some witty and incisive answers to YOUTH's questions.

Where do you get your interest in sewing and fashions and modeling? Do you plan to make this area of interest your vocational future?

When I was a little girl, I played with my mother's old sewing machine as a toy. My dolls had the biggest wardrobes! My mother does not sew and maybe it is better that she doesn't, because I have had to do the job entirely by myself. Someday I'll teach her to thread the machine!

When I was ten years old, I enrolled in the Singer sewing classes. I've taken the lessons every year since then and have won a prize each time. I plan to go into the field of designing after attending a New York fashion school. ▶

Where do you get your new ideas on fashion and styles? How does a design develop?

Tina poses with the many stylish and imaginative outfits she has made for herself.

Youth

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Tina never has a dull moment with a long list of hobbies which include dancing, flower arranging, skiing, swimming and writing. Her future hopes include a career in fashion designing.



I like the feeling of creativity!

Ideas for designs are always popping into my mind. The best time for them seems to be lying in bed staring up at the ceiling! Sometimes I don't draw them, just keep the ideas tucked away. My sketches are anything but formal. They usually end up all over my homework assignments.

I like to use lots of commercial patterns combined together, or cut the pattern myself. I get some ideas from high fashion magazines and fashion shows. I change some of the designs to suit myself. I once made a likeness of a \$390.00 evening outfit for \$30.00.

Why do you get satisfaction from sewing? Would you say there is any parallel between creating a new dress and writing a poem or painting a picture?

It used to be that a girl who made her own clothes looked terribly dowdy and tailored. Today, a girl who sews is not only smart and thrifty, but is usually better dressed and has a sense of coordination and individuality.

A person who paints or draws is more aware of art and tends to have personal criticism of it. So it is with fashion and sewing. A girl who sews well notices the detail of clothing and its construction, besides the over-all line and effect. When I finish an outfit, I like the feeling of accomplishment and creativity—knowing that I stitched every stitch, and that no one will have an outfit like it.

There is much criticism of current fashion fads of many teen girls. Do you think such criticism is justified? What guide lines do you use in determining whether or not a teen fashion is in good taste, in good style, and flattering without being overwhelming?

Much of the criticism is justified. But, although many teens get completely out of line, many like to go along with a current fad. This is alright if you don't go overboard, and if you remember to adapt the style of a fad to suit you. Fingernails were never intended to be blue, legs to be green, or hair to be pink. A simple, classic design is most flattering to anyone and is usually always in style. If a wardrobe just contains "fad" clothes it will be "out" in no time.

What do you think boys appreciate most in the clothes the girls wear? Do you think boys are as aware of their own appearance as girls are? What do you like and dislike most about teen boys' dress for various occasions?

Boys appreciate natural girls. Natural is not a synonym for plain. It means that you must have flair and individuality all of your own without looking artificial and out of place. Boys are becoming more aware of their

New York City fascinates me!

appearance as they realize that the girls *do* notice it! They are entering fashion "rat race" too.

As you went to New York for the national contest what were your thoughts about the possibility of being a winner? Were you nervous or just excited? How important was it to you to win?

Winning the contest was a goal I had in mind for six years. Two years ago I won the trip to New York. After my fabulous stay there, my wish was to return again. And this time was all the more wonderful. I renewed friendships with the chaperones I had known before, and by coincidence the girl who won when I did two years ago was there again, too!

I suppose I had daydreamed about winning the top prize, but after winning the trip to New York twice, I felt that I had already been overly lucky. Besides, things like that don't happen to me! When my name was announced as the winner, I could not believe my ears.

What are three or four main impressions you received of New York City? What are you looking forward to most in the jet trip to Paris?

New York fascinates me! Never before had I seen such wealth and such poverty mingled together. But for all their wealth and exclusiveness, many of the people look depressed and haggard. Maybe it is their hurried way of life. They must rush to live each day before it slips by. But then, in New York there are so many things to do and see! I must confess that I *did* get a stiff neck looking up at the skyscrapers and couldn't help wonder where all the gas stations were for those taxis!

On Fifth Avenue I got the feeling that money came by the thousands. I walked into a perfectly innocent little jewelry store and asked to try the green stone earrings in the window. I decided they were perfect, asked the price, and with cool nonchalance the salesgirl stated, "\$49,000." I just about passed out on the spot. But the most fascinating thing about New York is its people. They are warm and wacky, witty and wonderful. Most of them have a type of "worldly" education that can only be acquired by getting to know people and places. I shall never forget them.

I am looking forward to visiting the fashion houses and art galleries in Paris. This will be fascinating, and a big help in the planning of my career.

How has your life changed since you won the contest? How did you react to all the publicity and photo taking?

Have you ever had a camera clicking in your face while your dripping



As a contest finalist Tina, accompanied by her mother, spent a dizzying four days in New York which were climaxed by participation in a fashion show at the Plaza Hotel. Aside from seeing the New York sights, Tina also visited West Point and appeared, with the other winners, on T.V.'s "Play Your Hunch."



folk music, e.e. cummings, coffee. . .

wet hair was being put up on rollers, or posed in front of the Plaza while people walked by? We had a photographer who went everywhere with us and took pictures of everything! I got nervous at first, and some of the questions the interviewers asked! I suddenly felt that I just wasn't an authority on such things as boys' haircuts.

What are your favorite subjects and extra-curricular activities in school, at church, and in the community?

I have a love for such things as authentic(!) folk music, e.e.cummings poetry, candlelight, coffee and powder snow. A secret ambition of mine is to play the guitar!

Do you date much? What kinds of boys do you prefer? What are some of your favorite things to do on a date?

I do date quite a bit and sometimes find that too many dates can leave little time for some of my special interests. I like terribly interesting boys (usually tall—I'm 5'8") who are intelligent, well-mannered, and like to discover the world and people as I do.

Are you more interested in a career or marriage at this point? Do you think the two can be combined?

At the moment, my main interest lies in a career. But I also feel that every girl should have the experience of a home and family of her own. Combining the two would require organization and knowing which contained the most value.

How much has the church influenced your life? Do you think it is important for teens to be active in the church? Is it "square" to be genuinely interested in religion?

In Salt Lake City, being a Protestant means being a minority. For this reason the Church is especially important in my life. I am faced with the challenge to have a stronger belief in my faith.

It seems that young people today feel a need to have a belief. This is not just to set aside for Sundays, but to actually "work" in their lives. It is vital to probe, to challenge, to compare, to discover. Discussions and arguments are constantly going on in school, in church and just among friends. There is a competition in intelligence and logic, and realization of a need for peace and understanding in the world. Religion is far from "square" or silly.

What's the greatest thing about being a teenager?

The greatest thing about being 16 is discovering life. There is opportunity, education and adventure waiting "out there." We must find it.

touch & go

In response to R. P.

I wish to express my agreement with R. P. (in the December 1962 issue). The editorial policy of YOUTH does seem to be one of over-enthusiasm for criticism. If I were to believe what I read in this magazine, I would be convinced that our modern way of life has no spiritual values at all. Over the past few years these are some of the ideas I've picked up from YOUTH: Peace is the only thing worth having. Unity and cooperation are all-important. All American business is corrupt and materialistic. The Christian Church is an empty shell. My question is: WHY?

The teen years are critical ones, when many young people are filled with doubts. Many desert religion entirely. It seems to me that the editors of YOUTH could do a greater service to their readers by pointing out all the benefits we have derived from our way of life, and all the spiritual well-being to be found in the church, along with some sound constructive criticism of the failures to be found. The wholesale tearing-down of sacred institutions we have known all our lives is destructive to the ends that this magazine should be trying to fulfill. There is nothing spiritually uplifting about your magazine.

—D. W., Louisville, Ky.

I wish to question R. P.'s line of thought concerning the type of material appearing in YOUTH. You

previously stated that youth, or "children" as you call them, should not be reading some of the articles printed. When do you suggest that young people be exposed to criticism, controversy and sarcasm concerning religion or any other matter of extreme importance? It is my opinion that young people are never too young to take a second look at their faith, and if they are so shaken up by the so-called off-beat poems you mentioned, it is high time they found out why. You suggested the editors should review their objectives, yet you failed to mention what you thought they are. To me they include presenting fresh, contemporary articles, presenting the facts about the church's mission and goals, and inciting thought among all its readers. I must congratulate YOUTH in meeting these objectives.

—B. P., Elyria, Ohio

As you said in December's "Touch and Go," "don't be afraid to throw brickbats." I'm not, and I would like to throw a few at R. P. I realize he or she is entitled to his own opinion. However, R. P. is obviously not an aesthetic and I wish he would not comment on the art of poetry for that reason. Contrary to his accusation that YOUTH's poetry is off-beat, I think it is conservative. I believe the most recent poetry R. P. has read was Robert Burns or Percy Bysshe Shelley. As for his accusation of your cynicism, he's right. You are sarcastic. But *your* sarcasm causes soul-searching and conscience-pricking; I need that.

—C. B., Chambersburg, Pa.





BASKETBALL SLANGUAGE

When basketball's founder, James Naismith, returned today, he'd probably be baffled by the game's terminology.

For quite some time now, basketball has been played before more spectators each year than any other sport in the United States. The game has gained national acceptance and popularity since its invention in 1891 by James Naismith, an instructor at the Y.M.C.A. Training College (now Springfield College) in Springfield, Mass. It has undergone some changes, the most striking of which has been the language of the game.

No longer do basketball fans talk of "forwards" or "centers" or "guards." In the modern, fast-action game, the five players on a team work as a unit on both offense and defense. Such terms as "stationary guard" and "roving forward" are archaic. So is "cagers," a generic term once applied to all players, when in the early years of the sport, the playing area in many a gymnasium was screened off from the spectators by wire netting, creating the effect of a cage.

Present-day players and coaches employ a language that is as up-to-date as the jet plane. However, there are a good many basketball fans—teenagers as well as adults—who attend games, yet aren't hip to the jive. ►



PICK-OFF

Let's eavesdrop on a coach talking to his team just before a game:

"This outfit you're playing tonight will try to fire-engine you, but I want you to stick to the Miltown. You won't get much chance to use the zone, so you'll have to play tag. That big guy of theirs is an ox, so you'll probably get some freebies. Make them count."

To put it into everyday English, the coach told his players that the other team could be expected to use a fast-breaking offense (*fire-engine*), whipping the ball downcourt by means of long passes. But he wanted his own team to stick to its usual systematic offense (*Miltown*), working the ball toward the basket by means of practiced play patterns. (A "Miltown" is a tranquilizing pill, and the application of the name to a basketball offense implies calmness and coolness, according to plan.)

The coach went on to say that, in the face of a fire-engine offense, his players probably wouldn't be able to set up a defense in which each man is responsible for a certain area of the floor and guards against any opposing player entering that area (*the zone*). Consequently, each man would have to pick out a specific opponent and stick with him all over the court (*play tag*). The biggest member of the opposition (*the big guy*), the coach concluded, lacks something in physical coordination (he's an *ox*), and therefore is prone to commit fouls. Such fouls would give his players a number of free throws (*freebies*), and the coach urged his team to cash in on such shots from the foul line.

You practically never hear coaches or players mention the "man-for-man" defense, a term frequently used by spectators, sports writers and radio-TV broadcasters; it's the *tag*. Coaches and players don't talk about the "fast break" either; it's the *fire-engine*. And such terms as "foul shots" and "charity attempts" are for squares. In the lexicon of coaches and players, they're "freebies."

—EDGAR WILLIAMS



DICTIONARY ►

DUNK

Stab / A one-handed shot, usually from beyond the foul circle.

Swisher / A long shot that goes through the goal without striking the hoop.

Bucket / The goal, or basket.

Twine / Netting suspended from the goal's hoop.

Line Drive / A shot with practically no arch.

Boards / The backboards, immediately behind the goal.

Jumper / A shot made while shooter is in the air.

Lay-up / A shot made from beneath the basket.

Screen / A movement by an offensive player who puts himself between a teammate and his opponent, thus freeing his teammate for a set shot or a drive toward the basket.

Pick-off / A screen that failed because the screener made contact with the opponent; and that's a foul.

Keyhole / The foul circle, or free throw area, from where players shoot "freebies."

High Post / Outer half of free throw area, where offense may operate for an unlimited time.

Inside Post / Inner half of the free throw area, plus the foul lane leading to the basket, where the offense may operate for a maximum of three seconds at any one time.

Playmaker / A player, usually not a high scorer whose ability to maneuver the ball sets up scoring situations for others.

Assist / A pass from one player to another which enables the second player to score.

Cousy / An accomplished ball-handler and dribbler—derived from Bob Cousy, slick Boston Celtics player.

Globie / Show-off player derived from Harlem Globetrotters, "Clown Princes of Basketball."

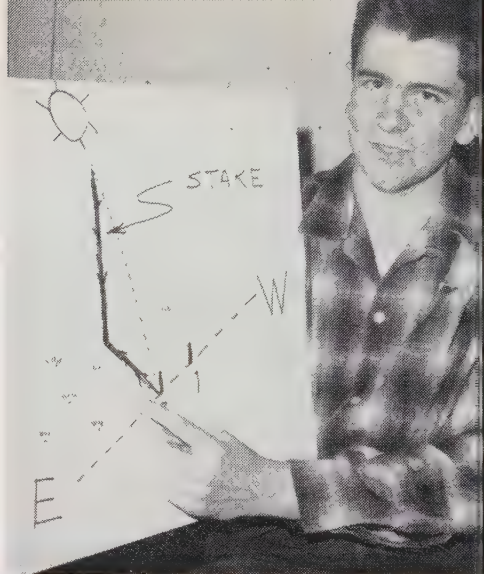
Timid Tillie / A player with a reputation for not liking the scuffles beneath the backboards when the teams battle for the ball as it rebounds after a missed shot.

Enforcer / A player, usually on the rugged side, whose added function is to keep overly-aggressive opponents in line; if an opponent becomes rough, he gives the fellow a dose of his own medicine.

Dunk / A field goal scored by a tall player who leaps up and literally drops the ball down through the hoop—popularized by Wilt Chamberlain, the seven-foot-one-inch scoring ace of the San Francisco Warriors.

Gunner / A player, more interested in his personal scoring than in the welfare of his team, who attempts shots from difficult angles when he could pass off to a teammate in better position to score.

Bob Owendorf, 17, of Falls Church, Va., has developed a "shadow tip" method of direction finding. Drive a stake, at least three feet long, into the ground; mark the tip of its shadow; wait ten minutes; mark the new spot, and draw a line. This line will run from east to west with the second mark being eastward.



youthⁱⁿ the **NEWS**

Ecumenical work campers amaze Nairobi villagers

An interracial and interdenominational group of young people has arrived in Nairobi, Kenya, where they will spend nine months at the World Council of Churches' first long-term ecumenical work camp. In the first project, where the group is reconstructing buildings damaged by a recent flood, the villagers enthusiastically welcomed them and then expressed amazement that "white men are working so hard with their hands in the dirt." Among the sixteen participants there are two Americans.

European youth express prejudice toward minorities

A preliminary survey has been made by UNESCO on the attitudes of European young people toward ethnic minorities. Youth from Britain, France and West Germany were interviewed and a great deal of prejudice was discovered. However, on the whole they were found to be much more tolerant than their parents. The questions covered attitudes toward Jews in all three countries. Also examined were feelings toward Algerians in France, West Indians in Britain, and Russians, Poles and Americans in West Germany.

Teens size up popular music trends of 1962

In an annual poll conducted by the Gilbert Research Co., Brenda Lee was named as the queen of the female singers with Connie Francis as runner-up. This is the second year that they have been in this order. The top record for '62 was Brenda's "All Alone Am I" with "Big Girls Don't Cry" by the Four Seasons ranking second. Elvis Presley captured first prize among the male vocalists. He was followed by such favorites as Johnny Mathis, Dion, Rickey Nelson and Ray Charles. Chubby Checker, who was first place last year, dropped to number twelve. Three television stars joined the list of top ten singers—Dick Chamberlain, Vince Edwards, and George Maharis. It was predicted that slower, more conservative music will be heard in '63. However, Rock and Roll, ballads and folk songs will remain in the top popularity bracket.

Priest plans to correct bad image of teenagers

A Roman Catholic priest has set out to correct what he calls the "bad image" which Americans have of teens. Father Baglio, who is director of a Minneapolis youth center, is collecting stories "about a guy or girl who dared to be right, to be helpful, to express true character." The stories will be published under the heading "Student Profiles in Courage."

NARPYA

What is God calling us to *be* and to *do* today as youth of the Reformed Churches within the ecumenical movement? This will be the central question and discussion focus for 2,200 youth and adults when they meet at Purdue University from July 19-25 for the North American Reformed and Presbyterian Youth Assembly.

The emphasis of this Assembly will be upon the renewal of the church through the work of the Holy Spirit. The theme is entitled "Come, Creator Spirit." It is hoped that the conference will aid participants in their attempt to become more responsible members of the church. This will be a personal enrichment conference and can be compared to our own recent Christian Education Conference held at the Purdue campus in August 1962. It will be geared to high school interests and youth will outnumber adults three to one.

The United Church of Christ will participate in this Assembly with 150 youth and 50 adult delegates. The total cost, aside from transportation, will be \$50 (which includes the \$10 registration fee). For anyone interested in attending this conference write for further information to: United Church of Christ, Youth Ministry, Room 801, 1505 Race St., Phila. 2, Pa.

It was her first day on the job. She could hardly believe that she, Jane Walker, was actually working and earning money instead of wasting her time in high school. Last Friday at this time she was in civics class listening to Mr. Hawthorne drone on about the Bull Moose Party. Now, she was behind the salad counter in the best cafeteria in town, earning money.

She had dreamed of this day for so long, ever since Paula had quit school and got a good job. Paula Meyers was still her best friend; Jane felt grateful for her friendship.

"Keep the rows filled up," the supervisor said sharply behind her. "You've got three empty spaces."

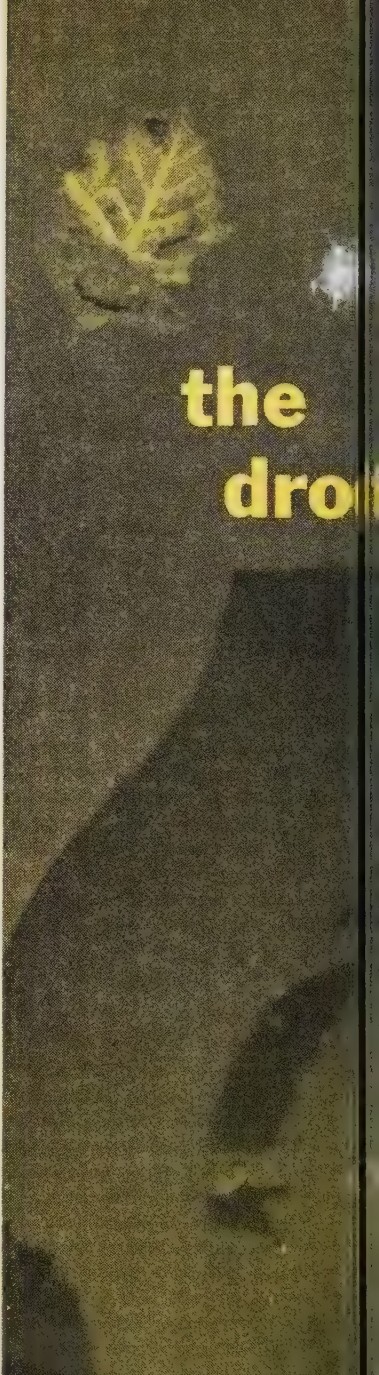
"Yes, ma'm," she said, startled from her dream, and quickly replaced the empty spaces with grated carrot, cole slaw, and congealed fruit plates.

"And don't dribble the dressing over the edge of the plate!"

Jane flushed. It made her nervous to have the supervisor watching her, but she recognized the necessity. Ordinarily a counter girl had a few days' training beforehand, then went on duty under the tutelage of an established counter girl. But *The Captain* needed her services immediately. She'd try not to let the supervisor's presence rattle her; she'd think instead of the money.

It was wonderful to be working, having the cash to spend whenever she saw an adorable blouse or skirt. Of course, she didn't have any money yet; this was her first day. But she'd seen how wonderful it was from Paula's experience.

Her parents had objected. They



the
dro

expected her to get a fine education, graduate from high school. They forgot that they hadn't finished high school themselves.

"You don't understand, Mom, Dad," she explained patiently, "all these months are time wasted."

"But when you graduate," Mom protested, "you sit up on the platform, show how smart you are, maybe make a speech."

"Not me, Mom, I wouldn't be a speaker." She made B's and C's. "Besides, I won't graduate for three semesters."

"It don't seem so long," Dad said.

She made a face. "A year and a half is forever. What good does it do—all this studying about things you never need to know? The Bull Moose Party, for instance."

Dad frowned. "Them Communists?"

"No. It's way back in American history. See what I mean? We're living now, not back among people you never heard of."

"It don't seem right somehow, your quitting school."

"I have to quit sometime."

"You'll miss the kids."

"We'll still be friends. It's sort of childish to keep on going to school when a person is grown. Look at the head start I'll have over them. By graduation time I'll be making lots of money, and they'll just be looking around for jobs. They won't know the first thing about getting a job. People like Paula and me, we'll have all the good jobs."

They gave in. After all, they wanted her to be happy, and she wasn't happy going to school. She was a smart girl, and if she thought it was best to quit, well—

She hadn't announced her intentions at school. She would have been sent to the dean of girls, just as though she were a disciplinary problem. Miss Evans would have given her a long lecture on the value of education. To Miss Evans, the highest pinnacle in life was winning a high school diploma.

The first day on the job was over. It had seemed long, but that was understandable. She was behind the counter from eleven to two, from five to eight. It was the time between two and five that was bothersome, but she would get used to it.

At two o'clock she had gone over to the Big Store, anxious to tell Paula her experience. But Paula worked in the stockroom, and it seemed as difficult to get into as a bank vault.

"Is it important?" an older woman with snapping black eyes demanded. "Do you have a message for her? I'll deliver it."

Jane sighed. "No, no message. I'll wait."

The black eyes pierced her. "Miss Meyers is at work. On the job is no time for school-girl conversation."

Color rose in her cheeks. "I'm not a schoolgirl."



the dropout

continued

"That's too bad. You should be."

It was humiliating, and she could scarcely wait to tell Paula. Paula only shrugged. "Oh, he. Nobody pays any attention to her. Tell me about your day. Did you get any big tips?"

"Behind the counter, you don't."

"That's so? Too bad." Paula fluffed out her fine blonde hair, thinking of getting a red outfit. I tried some on during lunch time."

"Paula, you're the luckiest thing. I envy you."

"You don't need to, Honey. You'll be doing the same, soon as you get paid. Oh, Janie, it's wonderful to go in and buy anything you choose!"

Things went more easily the next day at *The Captain*. She went window shopping between two and five o'clock. After this week she needn't confine herself to looking, she'd have money.

She did miss the crowd, Danny especially. Danny had taken her out on a few dates. She didn't have a steady boy friend. Now she wasn't in the places the crowd frequented. She was free at eight, but somehow by the time she'd gone home and changed into a dress, it was too late to stay somewhere on the chance that she'd see someone from the crowd.

Paula didn't mind not seeing the crowd, but Paula had Tony. He was 17 and he'd been working two years. He thought school kids were juvenile.

Fridays were paydays. Jane found it harder than usual to keep her mind on cole slaw. She wouldn't receive a full week's pay, of course, but beginning next Friday she would. Her eyes were bright with hope.

The manager handed out the envelopes. Jane was the last. She tore the envelope open, drew out the green slip and a pink card. There were a lot of deductions, it seemed. But it was hers to spend, anyway. She glanced at the pink card. "Termination of employment"—what did it mean?

"I . . . I don't understand," she quavered.

"What don't you understand?"

"It says I'm—" she couldn't say "fired." "I've only been here three days and . . ."

"Oh, you're the salad girl. You were taking Connie's place. Why, you were only temporary, Miss Walker. The regular girl was in the hospital and the assistant, Connie, was off a few days. But she'll be back tomorrow."

"Oh." She stared at the pink card. Temporary. No one had told her. Now, her job was over.

She couldn't go home, tell Mom and Dad that her brave new venture had ended so disastrously. Like a hurt animal, she wanted to hide away. But first she would tell Paula. She dropped a dime in the pay phone.

Paula came on the line, sounding impatient, "What is it, Jane? I'm trying to get my hair up."

"I have to see you."

"What for? What about?"

"I have to see you, Paula. Tonight."

"Well, all right."

Paula had succeeded in achieving an elaborate coiffure by the time Jane arrived. "Come on upstairs, but I'm expecting Tony any minute so make it short," she said ungraciously.

Once in Paula's room, Jane handed the pink card wordlessly to her friend. Paula glanced at it. "Oh," she said flatly. "It didn't last long did it?"

"Only three days. They said I was temporary . . . I hadn't known . . ."

"Don't look so tragic. You didn't do anything to get fired."

"But I don't have a job!"

"What of it? Get another. Employers are crying for help."

"I was so happy," she mourned.

"My goodness! What you need is a little morale boosting. Get a new hat, some shoes—the *Big Store* has darling bags on sale this week. Then, when you're on top again, go job hunting. The employment office finds you jobs free. And you can say you've had job experience, too; you worked at *The Captain*."

"You think so?"

"I know so. You didn't want to push salad plates all your life, did you?"

Paula was probably right. She'd take Paula's advice.

The stores were crowded on Saturday. She bought one of the darling bags, paying cash so she could take it with her. The cardigan, the cute dress, and the sandals she reluctantly bought on lay away. No one else could buy them, and as soon as she had her next pay check she would see about finishing the payment.

She had an uneasy twinge at the thought of her next pay check: where was it coming from, and when? Well, she'd not worry about that. It was nearly noon, too late to go to the employment office. She would go there first thing Monday morning. Besides, she needed a free day.

On Monday, she was assigned to Mr. Ames, the interviewer. She took an instant dislike to him. He glanced at her application blank, "Dropout, aren't you?"

She stiffened. "I was a junior."

"Dropout," he repeated, and made a mark on her application. "No training or experience, then."

"I have had experience."

"Where?"

"Captain's cafeteria. It was at the salad counter."

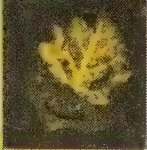
"How long?"

"Well, three days." It sounded an awfully short time.

"Three days! That's your entire work experience? No on-the-job vocational training?" He shook his head. "You kids. The least you could do is finish high school."

She refrained from argument. He could mess up her chances for a job. He talked as crazy as Dean Evans, thinking a diploma meant everything.

"Well there's mighty little open for you dropouts. *Big Store* needs a stock



the dropout

continued

girl. Give this card to the personnel manager."

After that it was easy. Before noon she was work in the stock room, not the same one as Paula, but in the kitchenwares and household furnishings section. She had a smock to wear

over her street dress, a booklet about the *Big Store's* policies, and Mrs. Bolling for a boss.

The next few days sped by. By skipping lunch, she could go shopping. It was wonderful to make purchases on lay away—and there was the 10 per cent discount for employees, too.

One day she met Marge and Ann from her class who were on vocational training. They typed. They knew absolutely nothing about stock room operations. Jane couldn't help feeling superior.

Since she'd left school, she hadn't seen Danny. She missed him. It was Marge who mentioned the party on the coming Friday night. "I've got a new dress," she confided.

"I've got to wear an old one," Ann mourned. "You should see Kitty King's. It's an original—I forget whose."

"She and Danny look well together," Marge said.

"Danny?" Jane asked.

"He's taking her. They've had three dates in ten days. It must be serious."

"Oh," Jane said. She made some excuse to walk on. Danny was taking Kitty King. That hurt. She was still smarting with the pain of it when she met Paula for lunch. "Danny didn't even ask me," she wailed.

"Don't be silly. Only high school kids can go."

"They say he's dated her three times already."

"What of it? You're out in the big world, not fenced into a high school play pen. There are dozens of fellas you can date now. Real spenders, too." Abruptly Paula changed the subject. "There are the most darling skirts coming out on sale next week."

Jane let her prattle on about the skirts, but her thoughts were back in the high school corridors, watching Danny pass, saying "Hi," casually, letting him sling her books onto his own.

"You buy yourself a bracelet or something, boost your morale," Paula advised. Well, maybe Paula was right. When payday arrived, she paid a dollar on this account, a dollar on that one. It was surprising how little cash was left. But, of course, the circumstances were unusual; once she had the accounts paid, there would be nothing to buy, except spring and fall outfits, Christmas presents, an Easter suit, and gifts. When all her lay away accounts were paid, it would be time to make the next purchases.

She was very thoughtful that evening. In her mind she went over the employees: Mrs. Bolling, her supervisor; Miss Lentz, the top-ranked clerk; Mrs. Higgins. Miss Lentz wasn't too good; she didn't know where to find the rubber bathmats. Mrs. Higgins was the buyer and practically never came near the department.

Jane frowned. She was as good as Miss Lentz. She was ready for advancement, really needed the extra salary to pay off her debts, but she wouldn't mention that. Mrs. Bolling would see that Jane was a bright, energetic girl who was going places, not content to spend her life as stock room girl. She would have a serious talk with Mrs. Bolling in the morning.

At Jane's question, Mrs. Bolling gave her an odd look. "What's on your mind, Miss Walker?"

"I'm serious about getting ahead," Jane said striving to sound mature.

"Well?" She was noncommittal.

"I'm really interested in advancement." It was more difficult than she'd expected. "I'd like to be a clerk—"

"You just began last week."

"I know, but I've learned a lot. I know where things are . . . even Miss Lentz doesn't know where the rubber bathmats are . . ."

Mrs. Bolling suddenly seemed nine feet tall. "Miss Lentz's duties are much more important than a knowledge of where stock is stored. She is a valuable employee; she's had special training in merchandising in addition to majoring in business in college."

"Oh."

"You youngsters are all alike. A month, and you think you could be a buyer. A complete knowledge of merchandising is required. All you think of is your pay check. You didn't even finish high school, did you?"

"No, but—"

"So you think you can outdo the pros. If you really want to advance, go back and finish high school, then get technical training. learn something and stick to it. Then talk about advancement."

Angry tears filled her eyes, but she blinked them away. Mrs. Bolling was mean. She was hipped on finishing high school like Dean Evans and Mr. Ames. They loved to preach. Jane went back to pasting on price tags.

She was too upset to stay home that evening. She dressed carefully, as though it were a special date. There was no place to go but the drugstore. The crowd was there. They said "Hi, Janie," "Hi Career Girl," and went back to their conversation. Nobody moved to make room for her in the crowded booth; nobody asked her about her day. She didn't fit in any more. She hung about uneasily until the crowd got up and left the store. There was still one boy sitting alone in a booth. She recognized him as a former student. After a few moments she walked slowly toward him.

"May I sit down?"

"Help yourself." His dark eyes looked up briefly, dropped again.

"That crowd doesn't know what work means."

"Huh?"

"The high school gang. They're not like us—knowing what it means to earn money."

"Yeah," he sighed. "They're lucky."

"What?"



the dropout

continued

"Lucky. The favored few."

"I understand. I had a hard day, too." Suddenly she found herself babbling about her tea with Mrs. Bolling.

"I'll bet I can tell you exactly what she said. 'You dropouts, you're alike. Go back to school. Learn something.' I know. I've heard it from my bosses. Even in the garage, and the guy never finished the eighth grade himself. Finish high school, get a diploma. That diploma is the most important piece of paper in a guy's life when he's trying to get a job."

"But it's so silly. History, biology, all that stuff."

"That's what I thought, too. Silly. Now, I don't know."

She gazed at him. "You don't know?"

"Yeah. Maybe they're right. People like us—we never get a chance at the good jobs. Unskilled; that's our title."

"But you're wrong! Look at your boss. He got somewhere."

"That was 25 years ago. Things are different now. Anyway he's not making the big money. I don't know—I've been thinking. Maybe I'll go to night classes, graduate. It'd take two years, but it might pay."

"Oh."

He stood up. "Think I'll go talk with a guy who's going to night school now. So long, kid. Luck to you."

"Thanks," she said dully, "luck to you, too."

She sat gazing sightlessly at the table top. He was a dropout, too, and talking about going back to school. Oh he was wrong!

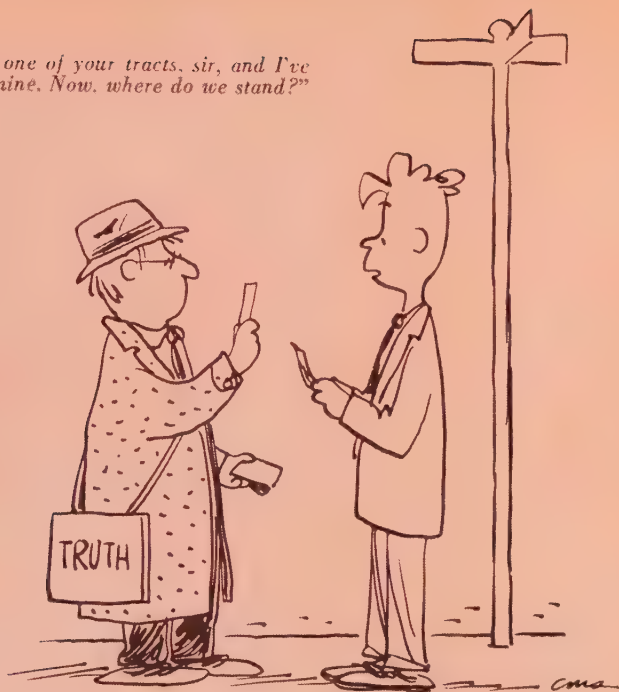
He needed someone like Paula to boost his morale. "Get a new hat, necklace. Get another job—there's dozens of jobs," she could hear Paula talking blithely now. But the new hats and necklaces and all the other purchases Jane had made—most of them were still on lay away, still unpaid for. And the jobs she'd found so far—salad counter girl, stock room girl—well, they weren't really interesting. But you had to start at the bottom—even the on-the-job kids did. But they started higher. They were chosen for classes at the store, given opportunities to learn and advance. People like Paula and herself weren't offered the same opportunities.

She'd thought working would be such fun. It wasn't nearly as much fun as being in school. There were the parties and the boys and, well, even classwork wasn't too bad. It was better than pasting on tags all day long.

In one and a half years she'd be graduated—if she went back now. She'd been a dropout for less than two weeks. She could make up the work. She could lose all the lovely things she had on lay away because she couldn't pay the balance. Maybe next semester she could take on-the-job training, be the favored one. Then she'd have the piece of paper that somehow unlocked the doors otherwise closed to her and other dropouts.

She smiled suddenly. She'd phone Mrs. Bolling Monday she wouldn't be in any more; and then, she'd rush to classes and maybe, just maybe, Danny would carry her books home that afternoon.—ELIZABETH EICHER

"You've given me one of your tracts, sir, and I've given you one of mine. Now, where do we stand?"



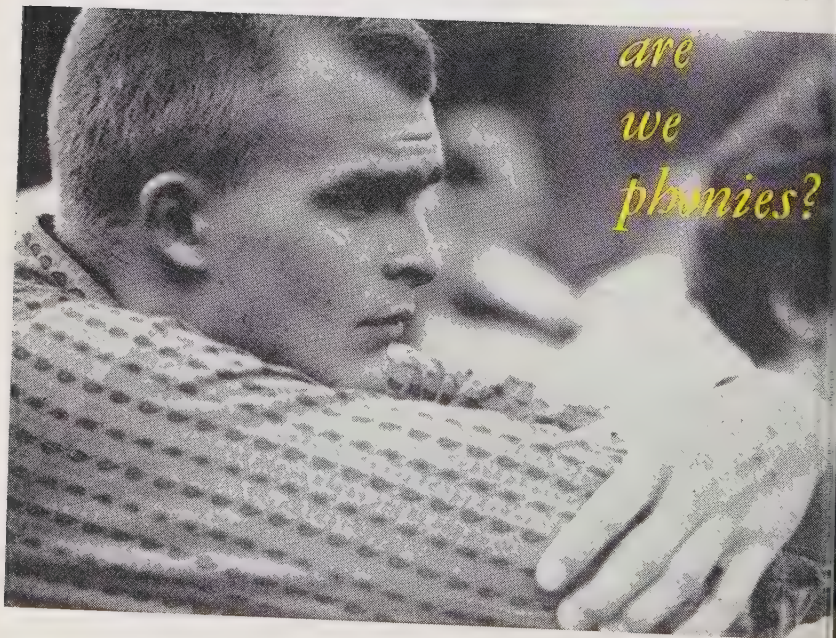
YOUNG PILLARS



"I'd like to be a great theologian, Reverend Hall, if it didn't mean that I'd have to be too religious."

*Are
we
faithful
or*

*are
we
phonies?*



The service is over. After a moment's pause following the three-old *Amen*, the congregation herds sheep-like into the lounge and out past the waiting Pastor to their cars. The weekly ritual of greeting the worshippers is routinely observed. Both congregation and minister are a little uncertain of the "right" words to use. Murmurs of "Enjoyed your sermon," "Fine sermon, Pastor," and "Hello, Mrs. Harmon. How's the hip thing?", are shuffled and dealt, like a deck of cards at a bridge party. And perhaps—at least we hope *perhaps*—we are aware that it is all so superficial; that this is the Sunday of the riot in Oxford, Miss., and in wrapping his original sermon to deal confessionally with the guilt we all share as Christians in the matter of race relations, the Pastor has touched a nerve that is a cause for grave concern; that these pleasantries are somehow out of time with the times.

But next day, the Women's group will meet to discuss a project to raise money for the Building Fund—should we put on a sauer-kraut supper, or should we order the candy to sell? And the Youth Fellowship will meet to discuss the topic "Should I Marry a Roman Catholic?" or how to increase their membership. And the Church Council will devote its meeting to fixing boilers and broken windows, to budgets and building plans, to attendance and activities, and rarely think of *persons* and their needs. And all of us will consider ourselves doing the work of the Church.

Two lines of doggerel give us pause—

The power of hell is strongest where

The odor of sanctity fills the air.

Are we being faithful to the Lord of the Church—who "calls us to accept the cost and joy of fellowship," "to be his servants in the service of men," who cuts through all our pious pronouncements and poses with his radical claim for allegiance—a challenge to our complacency? Are we being faithful to this Lord and his life? Or are we fraudulent—phonies who have confused righteousness with conformity, justice with expediency, and fellowship with chumminess with people just like ourselves?

How do we compare in the light of Christ? Someone has forcefully suggested that if we have never been tempted to ignore the disturbance of Christ by denying him altogether, then we have never really known him as he is. Christ was careless about himself; we are careful. He was courageous; we are cautious. He trusted the untrustworthy; we trust those who have something to offer. He forgave the unforgivable; we forgive, if at all. Those who do not really hurt us. He was righteous and he laughed at respectability; we are respectable and smile politely at righteousness. He was meek; we are ambitious. He saved others; we save and serve ourselves as much as we can. He had no place to lay his head, and did not worry about it; while we fret because we cannot get the car or do not have

the latest fad in fashion. He did what he believed was right regardless of the consequences; while we determine what is right by whether or not it will be popular or acceptable. He feared God but not the world; we fear public opinion more than the judgment of God. He risked everything for God, but we make of religion a refuge from every risk, a haven from every honest facing of ourselves.

Are we faithful, or are we phonies in the Church? Do we come to church to reinforce our prejudices and our pride, or do we come seeking to give ourselves to some great cause? Do we *really* believe anything, believe it enough to die for it, more importantly to *live* for it? Do we *really* believe, that God is not mocked, and whatever a man sows he also reaps? Do we *really* believe that Jesus rose from the dead, and in so doing gave new meaning and purpose to our own lives? Do we *really* believe that it is our calling as Christians to seek God's kingdom and not our own domain of security and serenity—to deny ourselves, to take up a cross, to love our enemies and those different from ourselves? Do we really believe that God forgives sin and answers prayer, that the Church is the body of Christ on earth today, and that the two greatest commandments are to love God with all our being and to love our neighbors as ourselves? Are we committed to being the kind of person who gives of himself in response to the needs of a world at our doorsteps—or are we phonies, who go through the motions of the Church because it seems to be “the thing” to do?

Human life is priceless, we say, and when a European child suffers from a strange malady he is rushed to New York to the only surgeon who can possibly help; but the Russians and Castro are expendable and the best brains in this country must be bound to building better intercontinental missiles. Human life is priceless, we say, and when two young men are trapped on a mountainside, skilled climbers drop their work and travel hundreds of miles to rescue them; but Negroes are different and they cannot be allowed to sit beside us in a restaurant or buy a house next door.

The earliest Christian affirmation was that “Jesus is Lord,” and it carried with it the clear implication that nothing else—Caesar, power, wealth, security, prestige, conformity, or anything else—is Lord. And if Jesus is Lord of all life, there is no side-line Christianity. The Christian cannot stand at the edge looking on. He must be in the thick of the struggle of life, taking sides and involving himself, because the Christian faith is not an individual matter. What we see wrong in the church we see wrong in ourselves. The intent of the Christian faith is to rescue men from isolation into community. It seeks not pious individuals, but a redeemed society—a forgiven and forgiving fellowship.

Jesus reminded his hearers that love of God and love of neighbor are

two sides of the same coin. "If a man says I love God and hates his neighbor, he is a liar," a phony in our words, says the author of I John. One does not *just* "love God." The Christian can never devote so much time to going through the motions of piety that he forgets about the sick, the undernourished, the victims of discrimination.

The Christian call involves all of life. It involves living in the midst of the sinful, fallen world—where governments function, where trade and commerce exist, where discrimination is practised. And despite its failures and its halting unwillingness, the church is, in a very special way, dedicated to making life whole in just this kind of world. Are we faithful, or are we phonies? Of course, we are phonies—in the church and outside of it. But by the grace of God we are phonies who have the capacity to give up our pretensions. We do not have all the answers. But we point together to the person who does have the answer.

In the play, *"A Raisin In the Sun,"* Beneatha Younger, a Negro girl struggling to fulfill her dream of becoming a doctor, relates her motivation: "When I was very small . . . we used to take our sleds out in the winter-time and the only hills we had were the ice-covered stone steps of some houses down the street. And we used to fill them with snow and make them smooth and slide down them all day . . . and it was very dangerous you know . . . far too steep . . . and sure enough one day a kid named Rufus came down too fast and hit the sidewalk . . . and we saw his face just split open right there in front of us. . . . And I remember standing there looking at his bloody open face and thinking that was the end of Rufus. But the ambulance came and they took him to the hospital and they fixed the broken bones and they sewed it all up . . . and the next time I saw Rufus he just had a little line down the middle of his face. . . . I never got over that. . . . That was what one person could do for another, fix him up—sew up the problem, make him whole again. That was the most marvelous thing in the world. I always thought it was the one concrete thing in the world a human being could do."

Making people whole is the creative task of the Church, the community of people who have found there meaning for their lives. For, despite its limitations, which are our own limitations, the Church has been a community of grace, a place where men have come to know God's love, and been empowered by that love to love their fellow men. Whether the Church is faithful or fraudulent—and at all times and in all Churches it is both, because we are both—it can be a place where we learn not only what it means to be forgiven, but also what it means to forgive. And where forgiveness is real, and acceptance is honest, no limits can be placed on the creative power which can be unleashed to heal a broken world.

—BRUCE KRIETE

how are you going

Guidelines/

1. Plan to use your summers to the best advantage.

When you feel especially good sometimes you say, "If I had a million dollars I would . . ." Next time you feel that way you say, "When summer comes I am going to use my time to . . ." Not just one but several summers will be yours, and if you plan them well they will be priceless to you and to many others as well.

2. How do you start to plan the use of your summers?

To the best of your ability look ahead many years as possible and plan for a number of summers. Re-thinking and refinement of plans will have to take place as you move from year to year, but this broader perspective gives you more opportunity to share in a number of significant things in your life.

3. Know yourself as fully as possible.

- What are your skills and abilities?
- What are your interests?
- What does your Christian faith mean to you?
- What relationship does your faith have to your summer plans?
- What are your limitations—skills, interests, opportunities, finances, time, family commitments?

4. Consider what you ought to do.

- Study one or more summers to adequately reach your intellectual goals.
- Work for needed finances, for experience for testing out your thoughts about future vocations.
- Vacation to share with the family, to enjoy some needed relaxation, to have fun and fellowship, to see relatives.



end your summer?

- Engage in a planned variety of projects over a period of years in order to balance some factors in your life which are too predominant. Be a laborer if your family primarily knows the work day world of management, or get into the out-of-doors if you are a city dweller.
- Engage in a program of service which grows out of your concept of the Christian faith.

Consider what you would like to do.

- Spend the summer in a camp program or on a ranch.
- Travel.
- Visit friends and relatives.
- Work for the joy of working in something which is a specialty of yours.
- Give yourself in a service project where there is a need.

Plan ahead toward future summers.

Having considered all your interests and the many possibilities available to you, try to devise a pattern for yourself for as many summers as you can. Probably your pattern will not be detailed and, of necessity, it will need to be flexible. But having undertaken this future consideration you should be able to look forward with anticipation to future summers, rather than wonder, as each summer approaches, what you will ever do.

One final guideline.

As a Christian young person, have you considered your plans in the light of your Christian vocation? If not, it is important to ask yourself if your plans fulfill your understanding of how a Christian person ought to use his skills, abilities, and time every moment of his life.

—CARL A. BADE



Fill out, clip, and mail
Please send more information and application blanks related to the projects checked below/

To/ Department of Specialized Ministries,
United Church of Christ, R. D. 2, Pottstown, Pa.

From/

name

street address

city, zone, state

- ☐ Senior High Work Camps
—Wadley —Meredith —Woodbury —Lilburn —Sawyer
- ☐ Older Youth—Young Adult Work Camps
—Camden —Puerto Rico —Ecumenical
- ☐ Community Service
—Biloxi —St. Louis —Chicago —Buffalo —Detroit —Philadelphia —Boston
- ☐ Study Seminars ☐ Caravans ☐ One Year Voluntary Service
- ☐ Institutional Service ☐ Individual Service ☐ Youth Exchange

what you can

THREE BOOKS TO KNOW ABOUT/

Invest Your Summer. This is a complete listing of summer service opportunities in this country and abroad for people between the ages of 18 and 30. Work camps, study seminars and community projects are among the categories included. Programs sponsored by churches and agencies are explained and addresses given. This booklet is essential if you want to find out how to have a "service summer." It will make clear to you the type of work which is available and the necessary people to write to and arrangements to be made. Write to: Invest Your Summer, Commission on Youth Service Projects, 475 Riverside Drive, New York 27, N. Y., and send 25c for each copy you want.

Barron's Teen-age Summer Guide. This guide is probably the most complete and up-to-date listing of all the varieties of summer work available to teens. Its contents include travel opportunities, U.S. and foreign camp work, study in various subjects, farm work, and specific opportunities in each state. It includes an excellent list of resource books and also a listing of what is available in relation to your particular financial needs. In the section on study it gives the programs offered at the various summer schools and the people to whom to apply. It also includes a section on activities in various geographical sections. For an overall look into summer opportunities this guide would be an essential resource. Available at book stores for \$1.50.

World-Wide Summer Placement Directory. This book contains listings of 1963 vacancies in each state and in foreign countries. The types of work in this book are mainly in summer camps, hotels, work shops, and some industrial plants and hospitals. If you are insistent upon a particular location for the summer, this book would be useful. Available at book stores for \$4.00.

is summer!

TO ANSWER YOUR QUESTIONS/

Love and service are two inseparable factors in the life of the Christian. In fact, these are basic in his vocation as a Christian. One does not need to go far afield to put these two attributes into action. However, loving and serving in the name of Christ takes thought and effort.

On the opposite page is a blank which you can clip and mail in. Listed on it are particular areas of summer service opportunities which are organized and sponsored by the United Church of Christ. Some of you may be familiar with one or more of these projects.

The senior high work camps involve your own physical labor. You may be painting old buildings, constructing new ones, or repairing roads, depending on what is needed in the particular area where you are serving. You will also participate in worship, study, recreation, and discussion. You will explore in work and thought the relationship between *what* you are doing and *where* you are doing it. Projects usually last about one month and the cost is around \$50, plus transportation. This year these work camps are located in Woodbury, Vt., Lilburn, Mo., Wadley, Ala., Meredith, N.H., and Sawyer, Mich. If you are 15 years old, you are eligible to take part.

The older youth-young adult work camps are similar to the senior high camps, except that they take people who are at least 19 years old. Projects in France and Puerto Rico are available, plus a variety of other national and international locations. This latter group is ecumenically oriented. Most of the projects last for about two months and the cost is dependent upon travel expenses.

Community service projects differ from work camps because they do not necessarily involve physical labor. Rather, a group will work together within a community which is troubled by juvenile delinquency, racial tensions, or home problems. These are inner city projects in which you might direct recreation, work in a day camp, or teach in a vacation church school. They cover a period of two months and you must have at least one year of college, or the equivalent, to qualify. Your main cost would be your travel to the community you would work in.

Caravans involve high school and college students and you must be 17 years or older to participate. Following eight days of training, you would serve on a team of four which would work together in a particular church, or sometimes a camp. The team serves for five weeks and then comes together with the nine other teams to share and evaluate their experiences.

Study seminars, institutional, individual and one-year voluntary services, and the international youth exchange are all special projects which may be of interest to you. If this is the case, or if you wish further *general* information on any of these projects, write to: Department of Specialized Ministries, United Church of Christ, R.D. 2, Pottstown, Pa., and ask for the booklet *Summer Service Projects*. However, if you have an idea of what specific projects you are interested in, send in the blank on the opposite page.

Time, where have you gone?
Time, why don't you go?
It is either/or
But never both.

Sometimes it is light
And flies swiftly away
With hardly a backward glance
Or departing whisper.

Sometimes it is so heavy
It thuds out each second
Walking more and more slowly
Until it needs a push.

Which is it to be for me?
Is time to rule in seconds
Or in years
Or merely in silence?

Is time to mean a stop watch
Or a church bell chime
Or a toast
On New Year's Eve?

No, it is all these.
But it is also more.
Time is that which is to be filled
To the brim without overflowing.

Time is the great gift.
The hope of the future
The love of the past
The moment of the present.

Time is possibility
Endlessly.